VAST SHOW OF FRENCH ART.

PICTURES BY FAMOUS PAINTERS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

The Eleven Years' Exhibition and the Tendencies It Shows—The Ephemeral Fashions in Art—Novel Forms of Expression—Artists Who Have Fallen Back—Work of Some the Famous French Veterans.

PARIS, June 22.—Two Americans meet in one of the galleries of the French section, and a conversation such as the following generally takes place:

"What a big exhibition the French is!"

"Yes, I've been all through it; it's vast."

"What do you think of the So and So [naming a picture] by So and So?"

"Oh, I don't think I saw it."

Then, as the first speaker says it should by all means be seen, the two start off for another room, perhaps some distance away. The conversation goes on, and as they pass through various galleries the second speaker exclaims: "Why, I must have missed this room; I haven't been here" or "This gallery is one I must have missed somehow, and this one too," and so on. Such experiences happen every day, and not half the visitors who think they have seen the French section have seen it all by any means. For there are many galleries; room after room on the upper floor, long suites of rooms parallel to each other, others turning off to the right or left or both ways from a given point, and on the ground floor it is the same. Rotundas filled with sculpture break the monotony, and the balcony-galleries are crowded with drawings, engravings, architectural exhibits, and water colors. In little recesses here and there one comes upon cases of miniatures, very good miniatures, and beautiful medals. On both floors, occupying the entire rear part of the Grand Palais, is the Centennial Exhibition of French Art, complete in all four classes of Group II., and recently two courts with mosaic floors have been opened which contain more sculpture. The French show, in a word, is vast.

What might have been left out to make it possible to see their exhibition with less wearisome travelling for the visitor it would be hard to say. There are so many artists here who have achieved celebrity and official honors that these alone make a formidable list. Their work, good or bad, cannot be left out on such an occasion as the present. One is as much interested in seeing that a man whose work has been famous is going to pieces as in noting that another keeps up to his mark. In the eleven years, too, from 1889 to 1900, many new men have come to the front who were perhaps not even represented by a single canvas at the 1889 Exposition. The whole company of artists in this great art centre, in short, forms a small army. The organizers of the exhibition of fine arts have had many difficulties to contend with, and a fair judgment after going carefully through the whole show is that they have, both in the eleven years' exhibition and in the Centennial or retrospective exhibition, given proof of remarkable conscientiousness and, especially in the Centennial, really wonderful devotion to the interests in their charge. We have had some art exhibitions in New York that required a good deal of intelligent work to get up, but our efforts there, as well as at Chicago in 1893, seem slight in comparison with what has been accomplished here by the French.

It will be impossible to do more unless one should write a book on the subject, than to make some general reflections on the French fine arts show as a whole and to pick out in the great mass of work shown some of the things that for one reason or another are most notable. The eleven years' exhibition shows that as with us various ephemeral fashions have taken their hold on the painters, but at the same time the great majority of the artists whose reputation entitles them to consideration are found to be working on the sound lines that have heretofore and always will hereafter make their art last beyond their own lifetime. There are dark (more than simply low-toned) pictures, flat pictures, pictures painted with *hachures*, or hatching in paint as one cross hatches in pen drawing, and pictures purposely painted with dry *facture*, or a method by which atmospheric envelope is sedulously avoided. All these have their moment of fashion, and as a part of the "movement" in the art of to-day are properly enough placed in this great comprehensive collection. Fortunately, however, for French art, as in the case of our own, sanity far outweighs eccentricity. Fortunately, drawing is still taught and well taught at the École des Beaux Arts and other good schools and no small number of men who are called masters in the modern school of painting are sticking as steadfastly to their principles as they did ten, or twenty, or thirty years ago. Younger men destined to be their successors are plentiful, who are apparently as firm and as self reliant as they, as uncompromising in their adherence to sound processes and as rational in their vision.

Nine times out of ten it will be found that the painter whose work shows eccentricity (for nearly everything "new" is in reality eccentric) is one who found the right way to great achievement too difficult. A new fashion too often conveniently cloaks inability to struggle with problems that may only be solved by talent, perseverance and a very well balanced brain. It is easy to slur over some of the things that are essentials in a good work of art because one cannot give them, and to emphasize other factors that one can manage. Thus one picture is praised for its color quality though it may be a sad piece of drawing; another for its sentiments, though neither color nor drawing are what they might be, and a third is fine because though all academic qualities are absent, it is said to be artistic. Why, how, and what the state of mind is that is necessary to appreciate them, one never can learn from their partisans. Let us by all means have breadth of view, let us admit that a picture is good when it is good, though it may be quite unsympathetic to our own tastes, and let us never be so narrow as to condemn through sheer prejudice; but, on the other hand, let us laugh at mere pose, as it deserves to be laughed at and not lose sight of the fact that these freakish fashions in art are no new thing after all that they come and go, flourish for a time and then die accompanied by no eulogies, and, remembering that as they have come and gone so they will continue to come and go, be prepared for the advent of the next queer tendency. Let us not forget also that while such innovators as Delacroix and Gericault, Corot, Rousseau and Millet, Courbet and Manet, inaugurated "movements," they had each something new to say in their art, not at variance with, but in accord with right principles. All of them protested at different periods against artificiality and clung to nature as their guide with persistent tenacity.

While we are about it we may as well mention some of the most prominent of the exhibitors in the French section whose methods show odd if not irrational tendencies. We may begin with a painter, who, for some reason or other, seems to occupy quite an elevated rank in the opinion of a good many of his contemporaries. This is Mr. Eugène Carrière, who has seven or eight large canvases in the show, in all of which the figures are enveloped in yellow-gray fog. There is no color and there is no completeness of construction. What is given, and that is but little, seems to be just in observation, but all the rest is vaporous vagueness. His "Christ on the Cross" (376) is one of the pictures that show his curious methods in their most pronounced form of expression and the "Théâtre Populaire" (375) is nearly as incomprehensible. Here heads and shoulders appear as if swimming by themselves in a great bath of mist. In the Centennial Exhibition one of his pictures, "Portrait of M. Devillez," a sculptor in his studio, shows the same parti-pris, but it is kept within bounds to a certain extent and the picture is not without suggestive charm. Mr Aman-Jean, whose name is quite celebrated, shows a group of six pictures, each with figure subjects. All are painted in a sort of half tone, none is firmly or decisively modelled, and all lack relief. The draperies on some of the life-sized figures are disposed in flowing curves that are not without grace of line, but all these performances smack of affected simplicity, a very different thing from naive simplicity. Here is Mr. Blanche, who in several portraits shows that instead of relying on nature and his own eyes to see it with he seeks to paint in the manner of the early English school. "The Painter Thanlow and his Children" (195), the largest canvas in the group, is the least successful. The "Portrait of Mme J. Bizet" (199) is a pretty picture and the best. Mr. Pierre Lagarde exhibits a collection of landscapes with incidental figures, in most of which he seems purposely to avoid nature, but in one, "Le Blessé" (1086), depicting a great valley with leafless trees, a convent in the distance and a monk leading thither a wounded man who rides on a donkey, he relies more on accepted methods and gives us a picture that is quite sane in its point of view and quite impressive in its general aspect. Mr. Ménard in half a dozen landscapes, however, leaves almost all of his eccentric contemporaries far behind in the nonchalant style in which he libels nature, and reaches the height of absurdity in "Storm Over the Forest" (1347) and "Evening" (1352). These are the most important of the men whose work attracts attention, because it is more or less without the law and does not justify itself.

Others have been moved to adopt some comparatively novel form of expression, as Mr. Roger, who exhibited one picture, a triptyque with the title "The Kiss" (1647), a subject from Theodore de Banville decoratively treated. The flowing forms of the draperies make one think for a moment of Aubrey Beardsley, but not much for long, for they are seen to be unexaggerated. "The Kiss" is charming in style and very attractive in its pale-tinted but sufficiently robust color. Mr. Picard is another artist who is seen at times to be preoccupied with the sentiment of his subject while he neglects some of the essentials of his art; but in "Femme qui passe" (1513), "Dream" (1512) and "At the Seashore" (1511), though somewhat vague, he achieves harmony of color and produces some charming effects. In a portrait of Mr. Dagnan-Bouveret (1507), on the contrary, he is hard and uncompromising to a degree, but the head is well drawn. Mr. Henri Martin, now a notable personage in the art world, in a very large canvas "Chacun sa Chimère" (1321), an allegorical composition showing all the world following a young woman who for each person in the crowd symbolizes his or her ambition, paints in a rather dry manner, his purpose being apparently to avoid accepted theories as to envelopment, but draws well, and in this picture obtains an ensemble that is agreeable. Certain notes of red and black are really fine in color, and the performance, as a whole, is serious. Some very queer effects of concentrated light on nude figures are exhibited by Mr. Lomont. "Woman Looking in a Mirror (1269), for example, shows a wall in white panelled wood with a woman whose back is in the most brilliant light contrasted with dark shadows all about her. These pictures are by no means Rembrandtesque, for they do not possess much atmospheric quality and they are scarcely colored, the scheme of tints consisting almost wholly of black and golden white.

It is with pain that we find here and there such examples of complete collapse as appear in the exhibition made by Mr. Courtois. His "Portrait of Madame Gautreau" (519) is here, charming in its silvery color and delicate drawing, to show the sort of work he was capable of some years ago, and his "Portrait of Madame X." (520) is sufficently creditable, but in an ambitious composition with nude figures "Love at the Feast" (515) and in a nude figure, "Young Girl at the Spring" (516), we come face to face with a lamentable falling off. The color is so hot and foxy that some of the old Düsseldorf paintings in the A. T. Stewart collection would appear positively cold by comparison; the modelling is balloon-like and the drawing is a series of curves. Even in some of the more recent work of that famous artist, Mr. Dagnan-Bouveret, we are compelled to note a certain deterioration. His "Last Supper" (535) is a glow of yellow light, but the personages are empty forms, and his "Consolatrix Afflictorum" (536) is painted in a scheme of most unpleasant greens, giving it a general aspect that is repellent in spite of good drawing. Happily, his "Breton Women at the Pardon" (533), a sterling work, though not distinguished by color qualities, and his "Conscripts" (534), in every respect admirable, are both here to make up in part for the unfavorable impression made by the works first named. A portrait of a lady (539) is far from being up to the standard set by Mr. Dagnan-Bouveret in former work in this field. Mr. Benjamin-Constant in his enormous canvas, "Urban II" (113) and "Portrait of H. M., the Queen of England" (114) shows a tendency new to us in flooding the compositions with a yellow glow. Thus enveloped the personages seem unreal and papery. It is not a happy turn. In "My Two Sons" (115) and "Portrait of Mme. E. G." (118) the same artist is normal and satisfying. In the "Portrait of Madame Calvé" (119), a full-length figure in crimson velvet, the processes and the color are not in any way eccentric, but the result is not so successful as in the other portraits. Mr. Carolus-Duran, a prominent figure in French art, is much below his old standard in a group of works here, save in "The Poet with the Mandolin" (364) and "Portrait of Mme. G. F. and Her Children" (360) which belong to the Luxembourg Museum. Mr. Cormon, a celebrated artist who has attained to high honors, is likewise inferior to his former performances in a confused and spiritless composition, "The Funeral Ceremonies of a Chief" (495).

We may now proceed to look over the ground in a general way to see how other celebrities in the world of art appear in this great eleven years' exhibition. Here is Mr. Bonnat, officially and universally recognized as the head of the French school of to-day, as strong and as vigorous as ever in "Portrait of Renan" (211), painted in 1892; at his best in the very remarkable "Portrait of Madame Bonnat," the artist's mother (213), painted in 1893, and very forceful and robust in "Portrait of Mr. Joseph Bertrand" (210), painted in 1896. Four other works are included in Mr. Bonnat's group and each shows his well-known qualities of drawing, solidity and relief. Here is Mr. Bouguereau, to whose work the scoffers invariably apply the disapproving term of "pompier" or the equally disdainful epithet of "currant jelly," as much a master of his métier as he was ten years ago, though it must be said that his color has become more attenuated. "Regina Angelorum" (239) hangs in the centre of his group of eight pictures. The Madonna is clothed in black draperies and is surrounded by adoring angels. The angels show little diversity of type or of expression, but the effect of the whole, if it leaves us a little cold as do Murillo's pictures, is almost as good as that made by previous work. And that is saying a good deal, for Mr. Bouguereau's work, whether you like it or do not like it, is destined to live after him as will that of Mr. Bonnat. Mr. Gérome, Baudry, Mr. Paul Dubois and Mr. Harpignies, and that of those masters not long dead, Baudry and Meissonier, when many pictures now acclaimed are forgotten or gone to kindle fires. Mr. Bouguereau paints potboilers also—some of them are in this exhibition—but so did Corot. So have other great men who have lived by their brush. It is a pity it is so, but it seems to be a necessity of modern conditions unless, as some landscape painters may do, the artist becomes a hermit in the country.

An old hand at painting is Mr. Jules Breton and there are eight pictures here to represent him. One is a fresh and pretty portrait of a young woman (298), painted in 1895; another is "The Pardon at Kerghoat" (296) in one of his usual lines of subjects, but ancient-looking, and another is "The Alarm" (292), painted in 1899, which depicts peasants running from the harvest fields to the village hard by where smoke and flame indicate that a house is afire. This last is as robust as any of his earlier work and is an excellent picture with a sober scheme of color. Mr. Cazin has eight landscapes, making a representative exhibition and one that gives a very good impression. Especially fine is a night effect with moonlight, wrongly catalogued as "The Storm" (398), as it is a peaceful composition with a quiet sky. Seven portraits, large and small, are shown by the sculptor-painter, Mr. Paul Dubois, all of which exhibit his fine draughtsmanship, solid modelling and sober color qualities. "Portrait of Mme. R. G." (676), a half length of a young woman placed in the middle of the group; "Portrait of Mme. P. L. A." (678), and "Marchesina d'A. S." (675), a young girl in white, are the pick of the collection.

Eight landscapes of noble aspect, supremely fine in composition, beautifully drawn and generally cool in color, worthily represent the veteran master Harpignies. Mr. Henner has a group of pictures, including a dead Christ (1005) and his well-known, beautiful "Eclogue" (1003), a picture painted at least twenty years ago and therefore hardly entitled to figure in the eleven years' exhibition; but there are other instances of such irregularity and the line has not been strictly drawn in all cases. Seven canvases, including three portraits, compose the exhibition of Mr. Jean Paul Laurens, showing his usual robust facture and severity of style. "Jean Chrysosthome" (1125) is one of his characteristic historical compositions and his portraits of his son Paul, also a painter (1127), and Col. Brunet (1127) are finely drawn and distinguished in aspect. Mr. Lefebvre's exhibition includes a composition of immense size, depicting Lady Godiva riding through the streets of Coventry (1165), which is rather cold in color, and several portraits, but none of these last are impressive. The drawing is scholarly and convincing enough, but there is a notable lack of spontaneity and the facture is generally thin and somewhat labored. Mr. Vollon, with eight pictures, shows his usual remarkable skill in painting still life, as in "The Pumpkin" (1897) and "The Globe" (1900), while his landscapes (1898 and 1899) possess breadth of handling and unity of effect, but in a small figure picture, "Un Buveur" (1895), there is a lamentable lack of form and a head that is painted without the least apparent thought of construction or modelling. It is a notable instance of Homer nodding.

This list includes about all the veterans of French art except Mr. Tony Robert-Fleury, whose exhibition is neither strong nor in any way remarkable; Mr. Guillemet, whose landscapes are very good, but not as good as they used to be; Mr. Hébert, who shows a group of his low-toned figure subjects and portraits, and Mr. Vibert, who is in evidence with seven or eight genre pictures depicting his favorite Cardinals and monks. "The King of Rome" (1869), representing the signing of the second concordat at Fontainebleau, is a historical composition by the same skilful hands and is the most important work in the group.

In another letter the work of the men who come next to these in point of years and standing, though some of them surpass certain of their elders in official position and several hold higher places in public esteem, will be considered as well as that of men still younger, but generally recognized as among the strong.

WILLIAM A. COFFIN.

HOT TIME OF CENSUS CLERKS.

Discomforts That Are Endured In the New Building in Washington.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—Sympathy is as a rule expressed with the men who take the census, but people overlook the trials of the thousands of clerks in Washington who are tabulating the information obtained by the enumerators. The actual work is not so tiring and difficult, but the surroundings are much worse than those of an enumerator in the worst part of New York or any other city. The enumerator can get up above the ground floor and into the shade occasionally. The Washington tabulator can do neither.

The situation within the low-roofed one-story building would be intensely funny if it wasn't really pitiful. The roof of the building consists of two thicknesses of glass, and while the structure would be admirable as a hothouse it is execrable as a workshop. When only a few clerks were employed and during the winter and early spring it was not so bad, although the glare at all times has been severe on the eyes, but with the first hot spell the folly of such a building was only too apparent. It has now become almost unendurable, and one can only imagine its condition when the full quota of clerks get to work. The sun shines with great splendor through that glass roof and its heat falls on the heads of the unfortunate clerks. As there is considerable unoccupied space, when it gets too hot for endurance in one spot a batch of clerks can be moved to a spot where there is a little shade, but even that relief will be denied when the floor is entirely filled, as it will be after the first of July.

After several women had fainted and men had added to the probability of sunstroke by working themselves into profane rage at the situation, one level-headed clerk raised an umbrella and managed to fix it to her desk so as to afford immediate protection for her head. In less than five minutes umbrellas were up all over the vast floor space. It presented a very odd sight, and there was a good deal of discomfort in trying to work in such close quarters, but it saved many from being overcome by the heat. Within a few days efforts have been made to rig up some kind of an awning, but the clerks despair of much improvement, since the same master mind that planned the building must be getting up the awnings, for they are made of thin pure white material resembling cheese cloth, and will be but one degree better than the sun on the glass roof.

Some persons never have their sense of humor dimmed under even the most adverse circumstances, and a woman whose seat is in the population division was lately telling of some of the happenings in the bureau occasioned by the intense heat. She said:

"Of course in the spring when we first went on the work it wasn't so bad. What were we doing then? Why, punching Porto Ricans at 30 cents an hour. You know we use punching machines which are really a great invention for accelerating the work, but terribly trying to a nervous person. We got 30 cents an hour at first, and as the speed increased a cent or two more at a time was added to our income.

"Now it is very different. If I only had capital and push and influence I would try to make some money out of the architectural mistakes of the building. The clerks are constantly in that stage of a Turkish bath known as the steam room. Now I know they would all gladly pay a small amount every day to have noiseless attendants come up at stated intervals and put cold cloths on top of their heads as they do at the baths. The Government really ought to do that, but since it does not, private enterprise would make so much out of it that it seems an opportunity wasted. There is only one thing the building is really useful for, and that is to bleach linen. The chief of my division is a very stout man, and as he has to be moving around inspecting the work he can't get under an umbrella like the humble clerks; he has to suffer on account of his honors. Yesterday he came in in the morning with a beautiful blue and white striped shirt on. By 3 o'clock there was hardly a vestige of blue stripe left. Sun and perspiration had bleached the color out and he was a white-shirted man when going-home time arrived.

"As is generally the case, the women are more ingenious about protecting themselves from the awful heat and glare than the men, but though they do not complain half as much as the stronger sex, they get exasperated too. I heard a young girl accounting for all her mistakes because of the heat, and certainly a great many errors are made while the brain is fairly reeling with the sun's rays. In this particular instance she had failed to punch two statements relative to the female child aged 7 months of John Smith. The overheated clerk had failed to state that the female child was single and not the mother of a family. When the omission was called to her attention she replied:

"'Yes, I did leave it out, and why? Because I'm so warm I can't think of anything but shade trees and iced lemonade. And if I could think, seems to me I'd have left that out anyhow—something must be left to the imagination, and even an idiot would know that a seven-months-old girl was neither matron nor mother.'

"But the fact is that a census tabulator has to make a fool of herself, according to ordinary ideas, on an average once in ten minutes every day, but out of all the seemingly unnecessary information will come a great lot of information for future generations, so I suppose we ought to forget the heat and little personal discomforts one is prone to with the thermometer at about 120 degrees and revel in ourselves as public benefactors."

Will Have Hitching Posts or Will Boycott.

From the Nashville Banner.

HARRODSBURG, Ky., June 19.—The City Council ordered that the hitching posts at the Court House be taken down, and they were removed by the Marshal. This action has caused widespread indignation throughout the county, and threats are made to have the county seat removed to Burgin. It is also rumored that a band of raiders, 500 strong, will come to town to replace the posts. A boycott against the town has been instituted by the country people.

WEALTH OF NEGROS ISLAND

FORESTS OF THE FINEST WOODS AWAIT THE CHOPPER'S AXE.

American Investors Overdue on This and Other Islands of the Philippine Group—Gold and Copper Signs Common—A Dream of the Future Under the Flag Which Is Up to Stay.

BINALBAGAN, Negros, P. I. May 7.—This pueblo has a fairly good harbor. A little dredging and "jettying" would make it a fine one. As it is, lorchas and all sorts of sailing vessels engaged in island trade come over the bar without difficulty, and at high tide steamers come in. Twelve miles up the country, at the skirts of the foothills, is the pueblo of Ysabela. The Binalbagan River connects the two pueblos. During the dry season the river is navigable by native small boats only, but during the rainy season a finer rafting stream or waterway for running logs could not be asked.

Up the country, above Ysabela, the river winds in and out along the edge of the foothills and occasionally makes a sharp loop up a ravine and for a short distance skirts right along the foot of a mountain, whose sides are thickly timbered with the most valuable hardwoods in the world. At every few miles a tributary mountain stream, that would serve for running logs in the rainy season, empties into the river. Thus it is for fifty miles until the Rio Binalbagan finds its source in the Canoan Falls on the Volcano Canloan. The wealth of the mountains of Negros stands ready at the swing of the chopper's axe to fall into the channel of the Binalbagan River and take a free ride to a good harbor on the coast.

When I was a boy there was a "lumber millionaire" in our town. That was on the banks of the Mississippi. The townfolks used to tell anecdotes about the days before he had his millions. There was a hardware retailer in town, whose assets and liabilities had just about balanced for the past forty years. In summer weather this authority on affairs commercial and financial used to tilt back his chair on the shady side of his store and tell yarns about the lumber millionaire. There was a brown, greasy streak on the white paint of the weather boarding, where the retailer had rubbed the back of his head for forty years or more.

"Yes, sir," he would say to the travelling man from Chicago, "I've known Old Chawncey for forty-one years. [Old Chancy, of course, was the lumber millionaire.] I knew him, dang him, when his sawmill was nothing but a pile of rusty scrap iron without even a shed over it. Yes, sir. The scrap iron engines would break down every five minutes. Then he got some fool foundry man to trust him for a lot of new machinery. And, of course, he wanted a roof over it, or it would soon be as bad as the old scrap iron outfit. He had plenty of lumber of his own to build it, but 'nary a nail or a dollar to his name. Well, sir, he came to me an' said he: 'Fudgesmith, I want a kaig of tenpenny nails on credit.' An', said I, skinning up my right eyelid with my finger, said I: 'Chawncey, do you see anything green in there? You tote out the cash an' you get the nails.'

"But say, dang him, somehow eruther, he went ahead an' built that shed over those mortgaged engines. I wouldn't put it by him that he stole a kaig of nails some place. An' then, dang him, he got a contract from the Government to mark the section lines of the new Governmment survey of Wisconsin by cutting a strip of timber along it. Yes, sir, an' got his pine timber for nothing an' was paid for cutting it into the bargain. An', dang him, he was a millionaire in a minute. Say, did you ever hear of the dern Government givin' away hardware? No, sir. I've been setting right here for forty years, but no Government never gave me no kaigs of nails. No, sirree."

What beats me is that I don't see any "Old Chawncey's" coming over here and getting in on the sub-cellar floor. We don't want "Old Fudgesmith" here. There are six million natives already and every one of them is a natural born "Old Fudgesmith," only worse. But we want "Old Chawncey" badly. There's millions in the mountains for him, waiting to be floated down the river and sawed up and made into the finest cabinet work and furniture in the world. And many of the natives are clever woodcarvers. In fact, they are apt but lazy mechanics in any line. The labor wage is moderate, to say the least. And the hardwoods are not equalled in the wide world. There are fifty different varieties, every one of which will take a polish like burnished steel. There is *acle*, more beautiful than either mahogany or rosewood. There is ebony. And there is *alintatao*, similar and equal to ebony. And there are also soft woods and woods of medium hardness in inexhaustible quantities. The finest shipbuilding timber in the world grows right on these islands. Uncle Sam should arrange with some "Old Chawncey" to mark out the section lines on the mountains of Negros. And incidentally the woodchoppers would drive Papa Isio and Rufo Huyo, the Buguitnon bandits, out of their last roosting place. A bolo in the hands of a puny native wouldn't be one, two, sixty in it with an axe in the hands of a Wisconsin lumberman. It would take American muscle for that work.

Every summer my landlady back on West S'teenthty-s'teenth street used to rip up the rag carpet in my third-story back room and put down matting. And such matting! She said it was cooler than the rag carpet. Every strand in that matting was shy of every other strand. When I came in from prayer meeting after taps I used to shove my toe under a strand just inside the door and throw a somersault right into my couch on the opposite side of the room. It was a great convenience and fine exercise. And I dislike walking after an evening's devotions. But I'd like to show my old landlady some of the matting the natives make over here. Some of it is nearly as light as mosquito bar, but firmly woven and strong. Some of it is thicker than body Brussels and so soft that the foot sinks into it. And all sorts and sizes, from a mat for a tea tray to a rug for a big parlor, in the quaintest designs and patterns. Matting! An American doesn't know what matting means. The soldiers here sleep on matting that would be considered treasures in the States. A native woman can't cook and is ignorant of the uses of insecticides, but she certainly can make matting and hats and nipa cloth and pina cloth and pina embroidery. And her husband can make baskets. Baskets big enough to live in and basket work dainty and delicate enough to be worn as an ornament. When I come home I am going to bring a basket trunk that will break the heart of every English actor that sees it.

These woven things that I've been telling about cannot be imitated in the States or Europe. The material isn't there. The hats and mattings and baskets are made from the fibre of the Buri palm and the Nito fern. And nipa cloth also is made from the Nito fern. Before many years the world is going to come here to buy these things, and I wonder whether the North American Woven Goods Syndicate is going to control the business, or if the Hong Kong Banking and Trading Corporation (English) is going to finance the business as it now does about everything else in the Orient. What's the matter with "Old Chawncey?" He's overdue.

When I struck Honolulu I took off my hat and carried it under my arm. That town made heaven, as ordinarily described, look like a cancelled revenue stamp. If I'd had a million that first day in Honolulu, I'd have walked up on the porch of the first home I struck on the Waikiki road, sat down in a bamboo rocker and said to the owner:

"Name your price! Any old price! I'm going to stay right here!"

But not having the million I moved on. At first these Negros pueblos, in comparison with Honolulu, look pretty shabby. But when you figure on the soil, the climate and the natural wealth of the country you realize that all these pueblos, with their nipa shacks and gardenless streets, are just unhatched Honolulus. All that is needed is plenty of Americans of the "warm" sort, to "set" on the eggs and hatch 'em. If every one of these pueblos doesn't eventually blossom into a Honolulu, then there's something gone wrong with Yankee blood. As for the natives! Well, are the Kanakas of Honolulu worse off than before the flag went up to stay?

It feels more homelike in quarters here than it used to. There are telegraph wires running into one end of the casa, and there's a telegraph office next door to the orderly room. I can sit in the orderly room and hear that sounder go tick-tick-tick and it makes the place feel sort of homelike. And then for $3.83 per word I can send a cable direct from here into THE SUN office. Knowing that is a sort of antidote for homesickness, even if a fellow hasn't got the $3.83.

The other evening I sat here and listened to that sounder and imagined pictures of what this country will be fifty years hence. Then I turned in and tried to make up topical songs to the tick of that sounder. Pretty soon I woke up feeling hungry. So I took a walk down the Calle Real (that's the main street of the pueblo), until I came to a big building of white stone, called the Castoria House. I sat up on a big stool, like the other customers, and ordered a 30-cent lunch and a glass of cool beer. All the customers were Americans and they kept climbing down off their stools and going over to look at the stock-ticker. Just for curiosity I went too. I didn't speculate and neither did those other fellows, who were just well-salaried clerks. I took a look at the tape and this is what I read:

"Iloilo Stock Exchange—Panay Pottery (Ltd), $1.08; Cebu Copper Company, $1.19; Luzon Electric, $1.03; Manila Street Railway, $6.61; Negros Hardwood Syndicate, $2.16; West Coast Sugar, $1.98; Philippine Pina Trust, $6.99; North American Banking and Trading Corporation, $10.08 offered;"—and then I woke up.

And no wonder It was 3 A. M., and a native woman in a nipa hut across the plaza was singing. That's what they call it—singing. But when a Government mule makes the same sort of a noise it is called braying. I've read nearly a dozen items in papers from the States telling what a musical people the Filipinos are. The Munchausen who invented that fairy tale should be fried. The Filipino is a noisy individual, especially "when he has his pots on." He will try to sing until the lights go out. He will attempt to play any known instrument and smile complacently in the belief that he is making music at the first attempt. If he owns a piccolo he will get up at 2 A. M. and toot on it until daylight. The women have voices like a dying groan and they get up at the same hour and grunt and moan and groan until reveille. It may be music, but if a man made the same sort of a noise in the stilly night in New York he'd get sixty days with Larry. (They tell me poor Larry is dead. Private Sevenspot says: "He were a good soul and kind to the boarders.")

This whole Philippine business is going to be settled some day, all in a minute. There's gold here. There's gold on Cebu and Mindanao and half a dozen other islands. The natives wash out gold on Panay almost within sight of Iloilo. Since the fighting has let up the soldiers who know something of prospecting and have been located in different sections and islands are beginning to meet and compare notes. Placer gold in a chamois-skin sack isn't an oddity. Quartz specimens are common. There's gold and copper here, and that, I imagine, will soon settle the destinies of these islands. If the money makers wont come, the gold hunters will.

HER UNCLE FROM VERMONT.

Mrs. Broadway's Inhospitality and Mr. Broadway's Respect for White Hair.

Mr. Broadway has a weakness for gentlemen who have attained advanced years and snowy hair and beard. Therefore he was genuinely grieved by Mrs. Broadway's decision to refuse to grant her Uncle Harvey of Vermont permission to stop at her house during his contemplated trip to New York.

"I'm getting tired of working myself into a string trying to entertain country relations who would not turn their hands over to do me a favor if I was on the verge of starvation," Mrs. Broadway said. "I'm not running a hotel. If Uncle Harvey would pay me anything for my trouble it would be different. But he wont. I'll venture to say that he would come down here and stay a month, if he had the chance, and not even make me a present or buy me a box of candy all the time he was here. That's his way. A hotel is the place for such penurious, whimsical old gentlemen, and I'm going to write to-day and tell him so."

Mr. Broadway was pained by this tirade and he protested meekly against the inhospitable proceeding. "I don't know about that, Kate," he said. "It doesn't seem just the right thing to do. He's an old man, you say, and there's no telling what may happen to him if he wanders around in New York alone."

Mrs. Broadway laughed complacently. "Don't you worry about him," she advised. "He's able to take care of himself. Besides, whose relation is he—yours or mine?"

Mr. Broadway beat a meditative tattoo against the side of his plate, as if passing before him in mental review all the persons bound to him by ties of consanguinity. "Yours," he finally admitted regretfully.

"Mine, to be sure," assented Mrs. Broadway, "and I'll do what I choose with him. And I certainly do not choose to have him stop here. I'll write and tell him my flat is crowded to the doors with friends who are passing through town on their way to the Paris Exposition. That will be an excuse that nobody can override, and he'll have to stay away."

Mr. Broadway glanced dubiously up and down the length of their apartment, whose doors so nearly approached a state of contiguity as to render the packing process a comparatively easy matter. "But that wouldn't be true," he argued. "There's nobody here but you and Polly and I, and there's not likely to be anybody else."

"Well, what does that signify?" returned Mrs. Broadway coolly. "He'll never know the difference unless you look him up and tell him so."

While Mr. Broadway finished eating his breakfast his wife unflinchingly dealt the crushing blow to Uncle Harvey's hopes. Mr. Broadway mailed the cruel letter. He felt very much like a criminal as he saw it glide down the mail chute on the first stage of its journey. All through the week his conscience continued to swat him strong, disquieting blows, and it was chiefly a sense of sympathy with Uncle Harvey that prompted him to be so exceedingly polite to the old gentleman he met on a north-bound street car last Tuesday evening. This particular gentleman had a mop of the regulation silvery hair and whiskers. He was stoop-shouldered and lean-faced. His clothes were not cut and fitted according to the most approved models, and his uneasy, wondering glances were evidence that he was a stranger in the city. He sat beside Mr. Broadway for a time in frightened silence. Finally he said timidly:

"Can you tell me, sir, of a quiet room or boarding house where I can put up for the few days that I intend to remain in New York? I don't want to go to a hotel if I can help it. I am an old man, accustomed to the quiet, social life of a home, and a hotel is a fearfully dreary, lonesome place for an old countryman like me. I'd feel so much better satisfied if I could put up with a nice quiet family. If you could recommend any such place I'd take it very kindly."

Mr. Broadway's heart went straightway out in pity to the lonely stranger, and his mind travelled with equal celerity to the pleasant little side room in his own flat which would, in all probability, remain unoccupied for some months to come. Native generosity and a desire to atone for the unceremonious squelching administered to Uncle Harvey overbalanced Mr. Broadway's discretion and he said cordially:

"I'm not quite sure, but I rather think we can accommodate you at our house for a few days. You may come home with me, if you like, and I'll ask my wife about it."

Half an hour later Mr. Broadway mounted the stairs to his own apartment with burglarious stealth. He cautiously piloted his grateful guest into the parlor, and then tiptoed into the bedroom where Mrs. Broadway was combing her hair. He sat by the window for a few minutes making playful feints at conversation. Finally he ceased fencing, and summoning up all the eloquence at his command he said:

"Kate, I saw a most pathetic sight this afternoon. I met an old man—a timid, lonely old man, a stranger and a gentleman to the core. I do not know when I have been so strongly drawn to any one as I was to him. He was looking for a boarding house."

Mrs. Broadway's mouthful of hairpins dropped to the dresser with a little plunk.

"I don't see anything very affecting about that," she said. "People go out looking for boarding houses every day and nobody sheds tears over the tragic event."

Mr. Broadway quailed before this cold-blooded statement, but a sense of duty to be performed sustained him, and he proceeded warmly: "Nevertheless, there was a certain amount of tragedy connected with this case. The old man is unacquainted in the city. He knows not where to go. He is in danger of being robbed by sharpers at every corner."

Mrs. Broadway gave the curl over her left temple a gentle little pat, indicative of a more charitable frame of mind. "Poor old fellow," she said. "He was in hard times, wasn't he?"

Mr. Broadway grabbed eagerly at this Christian sentiment. "He was," said he. "And, Kate, I couldn't bear to see him exposed to the dangers of a great city. I brought him home with me. I thought we could stow him away in the side room for a few days. He will pay you well for your trouble. I wish you would go in and take a look at him. You can make the final arrangements so much better than I. He is waiting in the parlor."

Mrs. Broadway wheeled around and excitedly took another reef in her belt. "In the parlor!" she exclaimed. "Why, Jasper Broadway, you don't mean to say you left that man in there all by himself? He'll run off with everything about the house. You don't know anything about him."

"Well," returned Mr. Broadway, "we're not running any greater risk than he is. He doesn't know anything about us, either."

"That may be," retorted Mrs. Broadway, "but we are all right."

Mr. Broadway cast his eyes upward as if he had his doubts as to this assertion. "To be sure," he admitted, after a moment's reflection, "but he doesn't know it."

Mrs. Broadway's only reply was a plaintive sigh. Seeing it had devolved upon her to settle definitely the question of the prospective lodger, she turned her steps heroically toward the parlor door. She was gone but a few minutes. When she returned to the bedroom her eyes sparkled in true melodramatic style and her face was very red.

"Jasper Broadway," she demanded, "do you know who that man is that you brought home with you?"

"No," said Mr. Broadway wonderingly. "I didn't think to ask his name. But I knew he was respectable."

Mrs. Broadway sank down on a couch and wrung her hands nervously. Mr. Broadway became alarmed at this demonstration.

"Who is he?" he asked.

"Uncle Harvey," said Mrs. Broadway weakly.

SQUIRREL HELPED AT THE SEWING.

Remarkable Intelligence Shown by Frisk—His Death From Homesickness.

PATERSON, N. J., June 30.—THE SUN article of last Sunday upon the squirrels of Ann Arbor was of peculiar interest here, because the squirrel is a favorite pet in this city. Here the red squirrel is liked better than the gray. Some of the red squirrels have become so clever that their deeds are worthy of record, and one particularly which a family of the East Side until recently possessed was almost without a peer. His fate suggested that his love for his masters was greater than they dreamed of, so great, indeed, that it caused his death.

Frisk was the little fellow's name. He was caught at Cedar Bear by Prof. Phin, a naturalist, who was certain that Frisk was a flying squirrel. He was in a savage state when Prof. Phin presented him to the family on the day after he had been made a captive. His arrival was not anticipated and a great bird cage was the best apology for a home that could be found for him. No other was ever made or procured for him, for he soon showed his ability to be his own home builder. In the attic room where he was placed no one could ever get near him for a time, as he had promptly escaped from the cage. But it was not long before he discovered that a visit of any member of the family meant invariably a fresh supply of the nuts that he loved, and that was the beginning of his training.

Soon Frisk was promoted to the sewing room, where for a time he romped about and only had recourse to his cage to sleep. But the wire structure did not suit him even for sleep, and soon he set to work to build a home of his own.

"It was marvellous," declared his master yesterday, "to see the way in which that little thing worked. There was a small bookcase in the sewing room and its top was a favorite perching place for the squirrel. Soon it was discovered that there were remarkably few scraps to pick up after a busy day's sewing, and Frisk's secret was discovered. He was constructing a tunnel of rags on top of the bookcase from end to end. And his work pleased him so much that the cage was taken away and the tunnel became his home. If a maid took it upon herself to clean about the bookcase there was always war, even though she did not disturb anything, and when search was made in the tunnel for articles that were sometimes strangely missing Frisk would take a position of vantage and resent the intrusion with all the strength that his little voice was capable of.

"Frisk was a recognized participant in many of the family doings. He was an especial friend of my mother, and when she worked at her sewing machine, as she often liked to do, his most marvellous sagacity was shown. I remember one afternoon when my mother went to the sewing room and suggestend that I take my book there. No sooner had she opened the machine than Frisk was upon the machine table. I was afraid that he would be hurt and wanted to shoo him away, but mother astonished me by declaring that he knew all about the machine and was sometimes quite an assistant to her. I had been interested in my story, but dropped it readily to become a spectator of Frisk's antics. He was indeed at home about the machine.

"You know how a woman in making a seam feeds the cloth in to the needle and draws it out behind? Well, mother only had to do the feeding in. Frisk attended to the rest. He braced his back feet against a little piece of the machine that protruded above the table and clutched the cloth with his very handlike front paws, pulling with might and main and cluttering as if he enjoyed the little tug-o'-war amazingly. Mother said that she had never made any effort to teach him. He had watched her a few times and then appropriated that part of the task to himself.

"But that was not the extent of his work. He had squirrel-like ideas of order, and if mother happened to take out a new spool and break off a piece of thread Frisk was watching, and when the spool was laid down seized it and tucked it carefully away again in the spool box. This he did over and over again, cluttering each time as if much pleased that he could be of such assistance. Indeed, at times he seemed to believe that he was doing the whole thing. And he laid aside all of his other varied interests until the sewing was done. In conclusion, he betrayed his limitations, or perhaps only his playfulness, by putting my mother's breastpin, which he picked up from a table that stood near, in the spool box. Mother took it out and placed it on the machine while she rolled up her sewing, and I turned to my book in the belief that the exhibition was over.

"But Frisk had not had enough and was not pleased to see the breastpin lying about in that fashion. When my mother was not noticing him he seized it again and carefully tucked it away in the roll which mother had made of her sewing. And all search for it proved unavailing, although Frisk was under strong suspicion, until two weeks later when mother happened to take up that particular piece of work again.

"Frisk was an inveterate thief, but only for the fun of it. Once I was taking homœopathic pills and carried the little vials in my pocket. They were always there when I took my last dose at night but sometimes I could not find them in the morning. Several times I gave up the search and had to get a new supply but at last I discovered that Frisk was laying in a stock for me. He had discovered that it was fun to steal into my room, which is next the sewing room, and go through my pockets in the morning before I was awake, and he had started a little apothecary's shop with my vials in his tunnel of scraps. He was highly incensed when I took them away. My pocket knife, keys and other belongings I often found carefully stored away in a similar manner.

"I tell you there was a scare in our house when it was discovered one day that Frisk had escaped. But he was only disporting himself in a tree outside of the house and when my sister called him by name came leaping from one of the branches in at the window. And when he perched himself as usual on her shoulder he chattered for all the world as if he was telling her about his adventures in the great world outside. Shortly afterward one of the tree branches was tied to the window sill so that he could go out and in as he pleased. He used to delight in lying very still at the window until a collection of curious sparrows gathered on the branch. Then he would leap out and scare them badly.

"He grew more venturesome, however, and after many hair-breadth escapes from the boys of the neighborhood finally disappeared. When he had been gone for four days we gave up hope but we did not know the little truant. On the fifth day a neighbor reported that he was again in the neighborhood and he was at last discovered in a tree a short distance away. One of us went to the foot of the tree and called him by name. And he came down and was carried home on his rescuer's shoulder as if nothing had happened, chattering all the way as if he were mightily pleased to get back. Afterward he made many excursions of the sort.

"In summer he could always get in at a window and we would awake some fine morning to find him in his room as usual. Then he would stay at home a long time before the notion of wandering seized him again. But he disappeared twice in winter, too, and we expected that he would be frozen. But he would come back in a day or two and perch himself mutely outside of a window until he was admitted. Then there was no mistaking his transports for anything but joy and his appetite was prodigious. He would, even after one of his experiences of freedom, come when called, jump to your shoulder and when you extended your arm run out and flatten himself in the palm of your hand in the utmost confidence.

"In the house he always preserved the natural habits of the woods. Some of his nuts he ate, but more he hid away in some place that he fondly believed to be his own secret resort. If any one took any of this stored supply to feed him he scolded vehemently, chagrined that his secret had been found out. Then he would devote days of hard work to taking his supply, piece by piece, to some new hiding place.

"But one great mistake was made in the training of Frisk. Most of the nuts given him were first at least partly opened and he was thus deprived of his natural labor and exercise of cutting them open. But he knew that he should use his teeth and keep them sharp, and after a time began to practise on the oaken doors of his room. When no one was about he labored with his teeth almost unceasingly to make holes in the lower parts of the doors so that he could pass through, and the woodwork and doors were in imminent danger of ruin. Nothing could cure him of the habit, and while I was out of the city for a time the family council decided that the pleasure of Frisk's company would have to be sacrificed. I would have objected very strenuously had I been at home, but he was presented to a squirrel lover who had a considerable collection of the little animals, in varying stages of tameness, in a disused barn. He realized that Frisk was a prize and my folks knew that he would be taken excellent care of.

"It seemed that this little red squirrel wanted more than care, and whatever theory you care to form about it, this was his end. He had been away from his old home only two days when he declined to take any further food from his new master. He ignored the new comrades of his own kind and slowly starved. One morning his new owner came to attend to his squirrels and found that his new prize was dead. He said afterward that that taught him more about the possibilities in squirrels than he had ever known before. That was his businesslike way of putting the idea that perhaps you have already formed. And that was the idea that made us all feel sad when we heard of Frisk's death. Yet I suppose we would be thought foolish by experts if we were to suggest that Frisk died of homesickness or of a broken heart."

COLOR LINE TIGHTENED.

LOUISIANA BILLS ABRIDGING THE PRESENT RIGHTS OF NEGROES.

Law to Prevent Them From Buying Arms or Ammunition—An Effort to Keep Them From Attending Dances—Disfranchisement Has Led to Desire for More Repression.

NEW ORLEANS, June 30.—When the negro was ousted from politics in Louisiana by the Constitutional Convention of 1898, which so framed the suffrage clause as to render it almost impossible for the negro to vote, it was thought that the race question was settled in the State, for it has been frequently asserted that with the negro eliminated from politics there will be no further trouble with him. The previous Legislature was not satisfied, however, with shutting the negro out of politics, but built up the wall which separates the two races higher than ever before. A law prohibited intermarriage between whites and blacks, even to the remotest degrees, but leaving the red or yellow races to ally themselves with either the whites or negroes. A "Jim Crow" car law followed which required the railroad companies to separate the races on all cars.

There seemed little for the Legislature to do further on the subject, for the negroes are already shut out of all hotels, restaurants and barrooms by public usage, and in the theatres and other public places have a particular place set aside for them. But although there seemed little for the Legislature to do in regard to the race question, it has gone to work on a half dozen bills all aimed still further to separate the races and keep them well apart.

A bill was introduced, for instance, reviving the old "star" car system under which negroes were not allowed to enter the same street cars as the whites. Every fourth or fifth car, marked with a star, was open to the colored people. The bill was laid over, but there is every chance that it will pass if the present sentiment as to the races prevails.

Another measure which while it bore no reference to the race question was really aimed at the negroes, and intended to disarm them and render it impossible for them to obtain arms or ammunition is the Bennett bill. This measure, which was proposed several years ago, placed a prohibitive license on dealers in pistols and ammunition. It was proposed several years ago but defeated by the influence of the dealers in arms in New Orleans, who realized that it would kill a very profitable business they do in the country districts. But their influence was as naught this time, when the Marler murder, committed in the very vicinity of the State capital where the Legislature was sitting, and the rumored rising and threats of the negroes at Devall, aroused a strong anti-negro prejudice in the Legislature, that would have carried through any bill aimed at the blacks. Noah Pritchard, a negro, murdered without reason or pretext Ralph Marler, a white man at Devall in West Baton Rouge parish, and then escaped over to East Baton Rouge, near the capital where he was reported cornered in the Devil's Swamp. Being well supplied with ammunition he kept the posse at bay for a day, wounding one of the deputy sheriffs, and slipped out of the swamps and escaped. He left further trouble behind at Devall's, where the negroes were reported to be conspiring against the whites. A number of white regulators rode in from the neighboring parishes. The leader of the negroes, one Ned Cobb, was killed and three negroes "whipped" by the regulators and ordered out of the parishes. These occurrences, almost in sight of the capital, naturally expedited the Bennett bill. It will prevent the country stores from selling arms and ammunition to the negroes; whereas the whites, it is argued, can if they desire arms, supply themselves from a city dealer. Thus while the law is wholly free from any discrimination on account of "race, color or previous condition," it will have the practical effect of preventing the negroes from securing pistol or cartridge. The utterances of some of the negro leaders at a recent conference or meeting in Brooklyn helped the passage of the bill.

What is its purpose is well shown in the discussion of another measure relating to concealed weapons. The law against the carrying of concealed weapons has proved a complete failure because it provides only for a fine, which can be made very small by the Judge. It was proposed to make the penalty imprisonment as well as a fine, for many men who carry concealed weapons, and are willing to pay the fine in case they are caught, would hesitate if it meant a week's imprisonment.

There have been so many shooting affrays and killings of late growing out of the carrying of concealed weapons that it was generally thought that public opinion would favor a more severe law on the subject. When the matter came up before the Legislature, however, it was defeated, to the surprise of every one—and wholly on the negro question. The legislators from New Orleans and the white parishes voted for it, but those from the negro parishes were almost unanimous against it. It was absolutely necessary, they said, for a white man to go armed where there were so many negroes. The argument was accepted as valid. It means that the white men deem it prudent to carry weapons in the negro districts and do not care to have a law that will punish their practice, while the Bennett License law will put it beyond the power of the negroes to get either arms or cartridges.

At the meeting at Devall, where Ned Cobb was killed and the other negroes "regulated," the regulators assembled laid down their views as to the treatment of the negroes in the rural districts of the State. They attributed most of the trouble and appealed to the Police Jury to raise the license on whiskey so as to put it beyond the reach of the negroes. It may be mentioned here incidentally, that the Sunday law of Louisiana the chief provision of which is the prohibition of the sale of whiskey on Sunday, was mainly passed on account of the negro. Working as he does all the week Sunday is the only day the negro has a chance to get a drink and by closing the saloons on Sunday he is kept sober. Ever since the passage of the law there has been a war on the question between the city and the country members. The former want the beer saloons open; the latter refuse to grant it because of the demoralization that Sunday opening would cause among the negroes.

The Devall resolutions would seem to mean the closure of the groggeries patronized by the negroes which could not afford to pay a high license, while the saloons the whites visit would remain open.

Such legislation would, of course, be free from any discrimination because of race, color or previous condition; it would be beneficial to the negro; but some negroes are much affronted at the idea that the white men should be allowed to get "drinks" when they want to, while they are condemned to prohibition.

The Devall's meeting also provided against the congregation of negroes at the country stores on holidays, and the negro balls and dances. It is at these meetings, they said, that racial animosities are aroused and much bad blood stirred up.

It is more then a coincidence that Mayor Capdevielle, the new chief magistrate of New Orleans, has announced his purpose to refuse in future all licenses for negro balls and dances, on the ground that these affairs are a nuisance to the entire neighborhood. This is probably true, and the negroes now mostly congregate at Spanish Fort, which, being hidden away in the swamps and a couple of miles from anywhere, they are least likely to prove troublesome. If it is proposed to stop all negro dances it will be to deprive the negro of one of his greatest delights, and a privilege which he has enjoyed for two centuries in Louisiana, and during all the period of slavery. So essential was this amusement believed to be to the peace and quiet of the black that the early French Governors set apart a "square" of ground in the rear of the city for the negro dances, which from that fact bore until a few years ago the name of "Congo Square," as the Congo negroes were the chief patrons of the dance, and has only lately been euphemized into "Beauregard Park."

Thus, the lines between the races are being more and more rigidly drawn with years, until the whites and blacks live in different sections, see less of each other, and have few relations or any kind. The Legislature on its part is doing all in its power to draw the color line more distinctly and keep the races as far apart as possible.

Easy for Him.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"You understand, of course" pursued the lawyer, "what is meant by a 'preponderance of evidence?'"

"Yes, sir," replied the man whom he was examining with reference to his qualifications as a juror.

"Let me have your idea of it, if you please?"

"I understand it, I tell you."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, anybody can understand that."

"I would like to have your definition of it."

"I know what it is, all right. When I tell you I know what a thing is, I know it. That's all there is about that."

"Well, what was the question I asked you?"

"You ought to know what that was. If you've forgot your own questions, don't try to get me to remember them for you."

"I don't want to hear any more of that kind of talk," interposed the Court. "Answer the questions addressed to you by the counsel."

"Judge, I did. He asked me if I knew what it was, and I said I did."

"Are you sure you understand what is meant by the term 'preponderance of evidence?'"

"Of course I am, Judge."

"Well, let us hear your idea of it."

"It's evidence previously pondered."